



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Presented by
Professor Joseph Wright
July 1914

R.54.
H 11.2 [Han].

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
ENGLISH FACULTY
LIBRARY

ST. CROSS BUILDING, OXFORD

*This book is confined to
the Library*

Most facsimile and limited editions, dictionaries, and bibliographical catalogues, are treated as reference books for use in the Library only, but in exceptional cases some of them are occasionally lent to Readers with special needs.

Any Reader with particular reasons for wishing to borrow a book which is ordinarily confined to the Library is invited to consult the Librarian.



300031859T

A
HANDEFULL
OF
PLEASANT DELITES

BY
CLEMENT ROBINSON
AND DIVERS OTHERS

*REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION
OF 1584*

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1871



PRINTED BY CHARLES S. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

INTRODUCTION.

TO the reprint of Clement Robinson's *Handefull of Pleasant Delites* which Mr. T. Park edited for the *Heliconia* (part ii. 1814), he prefixed an Advertisement, which, in justice to him, we deem it necessary to repeat on this occasion.

The following miscellany has been noticed in *Censura Literaria*, vol. i. 267, and vi. 258, where the title and two excerpts were given. Mr. Ellis introduced another extract into the third edition of his *Specimens of the early English Poets*, and Mr. Evans inserted a few others in the republication of his father's collection of old ballads. These, like the present reprint, must all have been derived from different transcripts; since one copy only of the printed original is known to be extant, which was long in the possession of Colonel Byng, and is now in the Marquis of Blandford's valuable library. This volume will be found to consist of pieces in a ballad strain of poetry, very different from what the *Gorgious Gallery* exhibited; being written in general with a modernised tone of versification, which must render them more pleasing to modern readers. Some few indeed may aspire to be praised for higher merit than mere smoothness of verse; particularly that commencing at p. 53, [page 43, *post*] which

claims commendation for apposite metaphor, sarcastic sportiveness, ingenious illustration, and moral inference. Nearly the whole of them had the disadvantage of being composed to cramp and quaint measures, for the purpose of being sung to certain tunes then in vogue. This was occasionally the practice with other writers in the musical and poetical period of Elizabeth: in some cases perhaps, to make their verses more vendible; but in others, to improve the morals of the age, by the adaptation of serious or sacred words to tunes that had been the vehicles of levity or grossness. Such was the avowed design of John Hall, in his *Courte of Vertue*, 1564; such seems to have been the intention of the *Godly and Spirituall Ballates*, printed at Edinburgh in 1597; and such has been the plan pursued by Mr. Plumptre of Clare hall, Cambridge, in his estimable collection of *Songs*, original and compiled.

In the stationers' registers for 1565 was licensed to R. Johnes "a boke intituled, Of very pleafaunte Sonnettes and Storyes in myter, by *Clement Robynson*." This looks like an early entry of the present work, though the date does not correspond. In Maunsell's *Catalogue of English printed books*, 1595, was entered "A Tower of Trustineffe, wherein every Christian, fighting under the banner of Chrif, may defend himfelfe againft the cruell assaults of his Enemies; compiled, in verfe and profe, by *Leonard Gibson*."

These two are the only names among the poetical associates in this publication, of which I can discover any trace elsewhere. Thomas Richardson, Peter Picks, J. Tomson, and George Mannington, are unregistered on our muster-roll of Elizabethan poets. Their productions, however, seem not unworthy of being preserved in more than *one* printed copy, and they are accordingly rescued from future mischance of oblivion, by incorporation in the *HELICONIA*.

T. P.

Most unfortunately, so far as the value of the reprint in the *Heliconia* was concerned, Robinson's *Handefull* was taken from a very inaccurate transcript of the original unique copy, and without, as it appears, any collation being made with the printed book as the sheets passed through the press. The reproduction therefore, in that elegant but very incorrect publication, may be said to be nearly worthless. Whole lines are omitted; misprints, with some times editorial notes upon them as if they were the actual text, occur in almost every other page; and the punctuation neither represents that of the original work nor of any intelligible system. In some cases the errors are characterized by an ingenuity of perversion, as on page 70 (page 55, *post*), where "sleep to cares" is substituted for "stinted eares" and, in the next line, "naught is wiles" for "fraught with wiles."

The unique and precious volume itself, one of the most prized of the poetical book gems of the Elizabethan period, but which is unfortunately deficient of one leaf, passed successively through the hands of Colonel Byng, the Marquis of Blandford, Mr. Perry, and Mr. Jolley, to those of the Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A.; and to his liberality the SPENSER SOCIETY owes the privilege of being enabled to give for the first time a faithful reproduction of this most interesting collection of early songs and ballads, certainly not the least important or attractive in the series from Tottel's *Miscellany* to Davisons' *Poetical Rapsody*.

To the little gleaned by Mr. Park in reference to

Clement Robinson and his associates, it is to be regretted that, notwithstanding application made in various quarters which appeared likely to afford it, no further information can be added; except that Mr. Hazlitt, in his valuable *Handbook* (1567, 8vo), under the heading of Clement Robinson has included the following tract in the possession of Henry Huth, esq.: "*The true discription of this marveilous straunge Fish which was taken on Thursday was sennight the xvj day of June this present month in the year of our Lord God M.D.LXIX. Finis quod C. R. Imprynted at London in Fleetstreate, beneathe the Conduit at the signe of Saint John Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell.*"

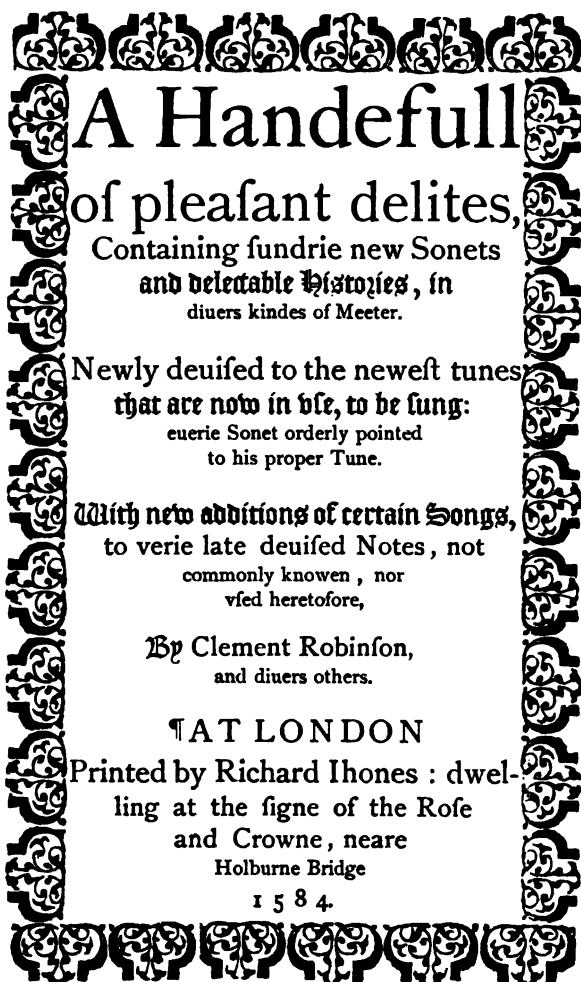
A large proportion of the notes and illustrations which Mr. Park has subjoined to the reprint in the *Heliconia*, would be considered at the present day as trite or superfluous. A selection therefore only has been given.

J. C.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Printer to the Reader	2
A Nofegaie alvvaies sweet, for Louers to fend for Tokens, of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings, as they in their minds shall be difposed to write.....	3
L. Gibfons Tantara, wherin Danae welcommeth home her Lord Diophon frō the war. <i>To the tune of, Down right Squire</i>	7
¶A proper new Song made by a Studient in Cambridge. <i>To the tune of I wifh to fee thofe happie daies</i>	9
¶The fcoffe of a Ladie, as pretie as may be, to a yong man that went a wooing : He wēt filil about her, & yet he wēt without her, becaufe he was fo long a dooing	12
An anfwer as pretie to the fcof of his Lady, by the yongman that came a wooing, Wherein he doth flout her, Being glad he went without her, Mifliking both her and her dooing	14
¶Dame Beauties replie to the Louer late at libertie: and now complaineth himfelfe to be her captiue, Intituled: Where is the life that late I led	15
A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Green fleeues. <i>To the new tune of Greensleeues</i>	19
A proper fonet, wherin the Louer dolefully fheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity. <i>To the tune of, Row wel ye Marriners</i> ...	22
The Hiftorie of Diana and Acteon. <i>To the Quarter Braules (imperfect at end)</i>	25
"How Venus can, and if fhe pleafe, Her difobedient Subiects griue" (<i>imperfect at beginning</i>)	29
The Louer cōplaineth the loffe of his Ladie. <i>To Cicilia Pauin</i> ...	31
The Louer compareth fome fubtile Suters to the Hunter. <i>To the tune of the Painter</i>	33

	PAGE
A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie. <i>To the, Downe right Squier</i>	35
A Sonet of a Louer in the praife of his lady. <i>To Calen o Cufiure me: fung at euerie lines end</i>	38
¶A proper Sonet, Intituled, Maid, will you marrie. <i>To the Blacke Almaine</i>	39
The ioy of Virginitie. <i>To, The Gods of loue</i>	42
¶A warning for Wooers, that they be not ouer hafte, nor deceiued with womens beautie. <i>To, Salisburie Plaine</i>	43
¶An excellent Song of an outcaft Louer. <i>To, All in a Garden green</i>	46
The complaint of a woman Louer. <i>To the tune of, Raging loue</i> ...	50
A proper fonet, Intituled: I fmile to fee how you deuife. <i>To anie pleafant tune</i>	52
A Sonet of two faithfull Louers, exhorting one another to be con- ftant. <i>To the tune of Kypafcie</i>	53
A proper new Dity: Intituled. Fie vpō Loue and al his lawes. <i>To the tune of lumber me</i>	54
The Louer being wounded with his Ladis beutie, requireth mercy. <i>To the tune of Apelles</i>	55
The lamentation of a woman being wrongfully defamed. <i>To the tune of Damon & Pithias</i>	56
A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold I haue a pretie thing to giue vnto my Ladie. <i>To the tune of luftie Gallant</i>	57
A proper wooing Song, intituled: Maide will ye loue me: ye or no? <i>To the tune of the Marchaunts Daughter went ouer the fiede</i> ...	59
The painefull plight of a Louer oppreffed with the beautifull looks of his Lady. <i>To the tune of, I loued her ouer wel</i>	61
A faithfull vow of two conftant Louers. <i>To the new Rogero</i>	63
A forrowfull Sonet, made by M. George Mannington, at Cambridge Caftle. <i>To the tune of Labandala Shot</i>	65
A proper Sonet, of an vnkinde Damsell, to her faithful Louer. <i>To, the nine Mufes</i>	68
The Louer complaineth the abfence of his Ladie, wifheth for death. <i>To, the new Almaine</i>	69
The Louer compareth him felf to the painful Falconer. <i>To the tune, I loued her ouer wel</i>	71



A Handefull

of pleasant delites,

Containing fundrie new Sonets
and delectable ~~Hystories~~, in
diuers kindes of Meeter.

Newly deuifed to the neweft tunes
that are now in vfe, to be fung:
euerie Sonet orderly pointed
to his proper Tune.

With new additions of certain Songs,
to verie late deuifed Notes, not
commonly knowen, nor
vfed heretofore,

By Clement Robinson,
and diuers others.

AT LONDON

Printed by Richard Ihones : dwel-
ling at the figne of the Rose
and Crowne, neare
Holburne Bridge

1584.

The Printer to

the Reader.

Y Ou that in Musicke do delight
your minds for to folace :
This little booke of Sonets may
wel like you in that case,
Peruse it wel ere you passe by,
here may you wish and haue,
Such pleafaut fongs to ech new tune,
as lightly you can craue.
Or if fine Histories you would reade,
you need not far to seek :
Within this booke such may you haue,
as Ladies may wel like.
Here may you haue such pretie thinges ,
as women much desire :
Here may you haue of fundrie forts,
such Songs as you require.
Wherefore my friend, if you regnrd,
such Songs to reade or heare :
Doubt not to buy this pretie Booke,
the price is not so deare.

Farewell.

A Nofegaie alvvaies

sweet, for Louers to send for Tokens,
of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings,
as they in their minds shall be disposed to write.

A Nofegaie lacking flowers fresh,
to you now I do send.
Desiring you to look thereon,
when that you may intend :

For flowers fresh begin to fade,
and Boreas in the field,
Euen with his hard consealed frost,
no better flowers doth yeeld :
¶ But if that winter could haue sprung,
a sweeter flower than this,
I would haue sent it presently
to you withouten mille:

Accept this then as time doth serue,
be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
and marke ech flower his name.

¶ Lauander is for louers true,
which euermore beaine :
Desiring alwaies for to haue,
some pleasure for their pain :
And when that they obtained haue,
the loue that they require,
Then haue they al their perfect iole,
and quenched is the fire.

A ii

¶ Rose

Sonets and Histories.

¶ Rosemarie is for remembrance,
betweene daye and night :
Wishing that I might alwaies haue,
you present in my sight.
And when I cannot haue,
as I haue said before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,
doth wound my heart full sore.
¶ Sage is for sustenance,
that should mans life sustaine,
For I do stil lie languishing,
continually in paine,
And shall do stil vntill I die,
except thou fauour show :
My paine and all my greuous smart,
ful wel you do it know.
¶ Fenel is for flaterers,
an euil thing it is sure :
But I haue alwaies meant truely,
with constant heart most pure :
And will continue in the same,
as long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a soifull daie,
when all our paines be past.
¶ Violet is for faithfulnessse,
which in me shall abide :
Hoping likewise that from your heart,
you will not let it slide.
And will continue in the same,
as you haue nowe begunne :

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

And then for euer to abide,
then you my heart haue wonne.

¶ Time is to trie me,
as ech be tried must,
tting you know while life doth last,
I wil not be vniust,

And if I should I would to God,
to hell my soule should beare.

And eke also that Belzebub,
with teeth he should me teare.

¶ Roses is to rule me.
with reason as you will,

For to be still obedient,
your minde for to fulfill:

And thereto will not disagree,
in nothing that you say:

But will content your mind truely,
in all things that I may.

¶ Ieliflowers is for gentlenesse,
which in me shall remaine:

Hoping that no sedition shal,
depart our hearts in twaine.

As soone the sunne shal loose his course,
the moone against her kinde,

Shall haue no light, if that I do
once put you from my minde.

¶ Carnations is for gratioufnesse,
marke that now by the way,

Haue no regard to flatterers,
nor passe not what they say.

A iii

For

Sonets and Histories.

For they will come with lying tales,
your eares for to fulfil :
In anie case do you consent,
nothing vnto their will.
¶ Marigolds is for marriage,
that would our minds suffice,
Least that suspicion of vs twaine,
by anie meanes should rise :
As for my part, I do not care,
my self I will stil vse,
That all the women in the world,
for you I will refuse.
¶ Peniriall is to print your loue,
so deep within my heart :
That when you look this Rolegay on,
my pain you may impart,
And when that you haue read the same,
consider wel my wo,
Think ye then how to recompence,
euen him that loues you so.
¶ Cowsloppes is for counsell,
for secretz vs between,
That none but you and I alone,
should know the thing we meane :
And if you will thus wisely do,
as I think to be best :
Then haue you surely won the field,
and let my heart at rest.
I pray you keep this Rolegay wel,
and let by it some store:

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

And thus farewel, the Gods thee guide,
both now and evermore.
Not as the common sort do vse,
to let it in your brest:
That when the smel is gone away,
on ground he takes his rest.

FINIS.

L. Gibsons Tantara, wherin Danae wel-
commeth home her Lord Diophon frō the war.

To the tune of, Down right Squire.

You Lordings, cast off your weedes of
me thinks I heare (wo
A trumpet still which plain doth shew
my Lord is neare:

Tantara tara tantara,
this trumpet glads our hearts,
Therefore to welcome home your King,
you Lordings plaie your parts,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.

¶ Harke harke, me thinkes I heare again,
this trumpets voice,
He is at hand this is certaine,
wherefore reioice.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.
this trumpet still doth say,
With trumpets blast, all dangers past,
doth shew in Marshall ray.

A IIII

TA

Sonets and Histories.

A ioyfull sight my hearts delight,
my Diophon deere :

Thy comely grace, I do embrace,
with ioyful cheere :

Tantara tara tantara,
what pleasant sound is this,
Which brought to me with victorie,
my ioy and onely blisse.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Diophon.

My Queene and wise, my ioy and life
in whom I minde :

In euery part, the trustiest hart,
that man can finde.

Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare your piasse,
Your vertues race in euerie place,
whisch trumpet so doth raise.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

I Now welcome home to Siria soile,
from battered field :

That valiantly thy foes did foile,
with speare and shield :

Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare it still,
Thy sounding piasse, abroad to raise,
with trump that is most still,

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

If honour and fame, O noble Dame,
such deeds do aske :

Then

to fundrie new Tunes.

Then Diophon here to purchast same,
hath done this taske :

Tantara tara tantara,
returnd he is againe,
To leade his life, with thee his wife,
in iose without disdain.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Finis. L. G.

¶ A proper new Song made by a Student
in Cambridge, To the tune of I wish to
see those happie daies.

I Which was once a happie wight,
and he in Fortunes grace :
And which did spend my golden prime,
in running pleasures race,
Am now enforst of late,
contrariwise to mourne,
Since fortune ioies, into annioies,
my former state to turne.

¶ The toiling oxe, the horse, the asse,
haue time to take their rest,
¶ And all things else which Nature wrought,
sometimes haue ioies in best :

Save onelie I and such
which bered are with paine :
For still in teares, my life it weares,
and so I must remaine.

¶ How oft haue I in folded armes,
eniosed my delight,

How

Sonets and Histories,

How oft haue I excuses made,
of her to haue a sight?
But now to fortunes will,
I caused am to bow.
And for to reape a hugie heape,
which youtiful yeares did sow.
¶ Wherefore all ye which do as yet,
remaine and hide behind:
Whose eyes dame beauties blazing beams,
as yet did neuer blind.
Example let me be,
to you and other more:
Whose beaue hart, hath felt the smart,
subdued by Cupids loze.
¶ Take heed of gazing ouer much,
on Damscels faire vnknowne:
For oftentimes the Snake doth lie,
with roses ouergrowde:
And vnder fairest flowers,
do noisome Adders lurke:
Of whom take heed, I thee ascead:
least that thy cares they worke.
¶ What though that she doth smile on thee,
perchance shee doth not loue:
And though she smack thee once or twice,
she thinks thee so to proue,
And when that thou dost thinke,
she loueth none but thee:
She hath in store, perhaps some more,
which so deceiued be,

Trust

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ Trust not therefore the outward shew
beware in anie case :

For good conditions do not lie,
where is a pleasant face :

But if it be thy chaunce,
a louer true to haue :

Be sure of this, thou shalt not misse,
eth thing that thou wilt craue.

¶ And when as thou (good Reader) shalt
peruse this scole of mine :

Let this a warning be to thee,
and saie a friend of thine,

Whid wite thee this of loue,
and of a zealous mind :

Because that he sufficiently,
hath tried the female kind.

¶ Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
adue to Students all :

Adue vnto the Colledges,
and vnto Gunuill Hall :

And you my fellowes once,
pray vnto Ioue that I

May haue releef, for this my grief,
and speedie remedie.

¶ And that he shield you euerichone,
from Beauties luring looks :

Whose baite hath brought me to my baine,
and caught me from my Books :

Wherefore, for you, my praier shall be,
to send you better grace,

That

Sonets and Histories,
That modestie with honestie,
may guide your youthfull race.
Finis quod Thomas Richardfon, sometime
Student in Cambridge.

¶ The scoffe of a Ladie, as pretie as may be,
to a yong man that went a wooing :
He wēt stil about her, & yet he wēt without
because he was so long a dooing. (her,

At tend thee, go play thee,
Sweet loue I am busie :
my silke and twist is not yet spun :
My Ladie will blame me,
If that she send for me,
and find my worke to be vndun :
How then ?
How shall I be set me ?
To say loue did let me ?
Fie no, it will not sit me,
It were no scuse for me.
¶ If loue were attained,
My loies were vnfained,
my leame and silke will take no hold :
Oft haue I beene warned,
By others prooffe learned :
hote wanton loue soone waxeth cold,
Go now :
I say go pack thee,
Or my needle shal pick thee :

Go

to fundrie new Tunes.

Go seeke out Dame Idle :
More fit for thy bydle,
More fit for thy bydle.
¶ Wel worthy of blaming,
For thy long detaining,
all haine it is that thou hast done :
Best now to be wandring,
Go haunt of thy winning,
and tell thy Dame what thou hast won :
Say this :

Then say as I bade thee :
That the little dogge fancie,
Lies chaste without moouing,
And needeth no threating,
For feare of wel beating.
For feare of wel beating.

¶ The boy is gone lurking,
Good Ladies be working,
dispatch a while that we had done,
The tide will not tarrye,
All times it doth varie,

The day doth passe, I see the Sun,
The frost bites faire flowers,
Lets worke at due howres,
Haste, haste, and be merie,
Till our needles be werie.
Till our needles be werie,

¶ Now Ladies be merie,
Because you are werie:
leauw worke I say, and get you home,
Your

Sonets and Histories.

Your businesse is packing,
Your louer is packing:
your answer hath cut off his comb.

How then ?

The fault was in him sir,
He wooed it so trim sir,
Alas poore seelie fellow,
Make much of thy pillow.
Make much of thy pillow.

Finis.

An answer as pretie to the scof of his Lady,
by the yongman that came a wooing,
Wherein he doth flout her,
Being glad he went without her,
Misliking both her and her dooing.

A Las Loue, why chafe ye ?
Why fret ye, why fume ye ?
to me it seemeth verie strange,
He thinks ye misuse me,
So soone to refuse me,
vnlesse you hope of better change :

Wel, wel :

Wel now, I perceiue ye,
You are mindful to leaue me :
How sure it doth grieue me :
That I am vnworthie:
That I am vnworthie.

I mean not to let ye, nor I can not forget
it wil not so out of my minde : (ye,
My loue is not daintie, I see you haue plenty
that set so little by your friend.

Goe

to fundrie new Tunes.

Goe too spin on now I pray you, I list not to
I will goe play me: (stay,
I am vnfit for you, &c.

Leaue off to flout now, & pick on your clout
you are a daintie Dame indeed, (now
And thogh of your taunting, I may make my
as bad or worse than I shal speed: (haunting
Sweet heart, though now you forsake it.

I trust you wil take it:
and sure I spak it, as fine as you make it, &c
Now wil I be trudging, without anie grudge.

I am content to giue you ground: (ging
Good reason both bind me, to leue you behind
for you are better lost than found: (me,
Go play, go seeke out Dame pleasure:

You are a trim treasure,
Wise women be daintie,
Of fooles there be plentie, &c.

If I might aduise ye, few words shuld suf-
& yet you shold bestow them wel: (since ye
Maids must be manerly, not full of scurility,
wherein I see you do excel,

Farewel good Nicibicetur,
God send you a sweeter,
A lustie lim lister, you are a trim lister, &c.

Finis. Peter Picks.

¶ Dame Beauties replie to the Louer late at
libertie: and now complaineth himselfe
to be her captiue, Intituled: Where is
the life that late I led.

The

Sonets and Histories.

The life that erst thou ledst my friend,
 was pleasant to thine eyes:
 But now the losse of libertie,
 thou seemest to despise.
 Where then thou soiedst thy will,
 now thou doest grudge in heart:
 Then thou no paine nor grief didst feele,
 but now thou pinest in smart.
 What moued thee vnto loue,
 expelle and tell the same:
 Saue fancie thine, that heapt thy paine,
 thy follie learne to blame.
 For when thou freedome didst enioie,
 thou gauest thy selfe to ease,
 And lest self-will the ruling beare,
 thy fancie fond to please:
 Then stealing Cupid came,
 with bow and golden dart:
 He struck the stroke, at pleasure he
 that now doth paine thy hart:
 Blame not the Gods of loue,
 But blame thy self thou maist:
 For freedome was disdaind of thee,
 and bondage more thou walest.
 Who list, thou saist, to liue at rest,
 and freedome to possesse:
 The sight of gorgeous Dames must hun,
 least loue do them distresse:
 Thou blamest Cupidoes craft,
 who strikes in stealing sort:

And

to fundrie new tunes.

And lets thee midst the princely Dames,
of Beauties famous sort :
And meaning wel thou saiest,
as one not bent to loue,
Then Cupid he constrains thee yeeld,
as thou thy self canst prooue.
¶ Faire Ladies lookes in libertie,
enlarged not thy paine :
He yet the sight of gorgeous Dames,
could cause thee thus complaine.
It was thy self indeed,
that cauld thy pining woe,
Thy wanton wil, and idle minde,
cauld Cupid strike the blow :
Blame not his craft, nor vs
that Beauties darlings be,
Accuse thy selfe to seeke thy care,
thy fancie did agree.
¶ There is none thou saist, that can
more truely iudge the case :
Than thou that hast the wound receiue,
by sight of Ladies face.
Her beautie thee bewitcht,
thy minde that erst was free :
Her corpes so comely framd, thou saiest,
did force thee to agree :
Thou gauest thy self it seemes,
her bondman to abide,
Before that her good willingnesse,
of thee were knownen and tride.

B

What

Sonets and Histories,

What iudgement canst thou giue :
how dost thou plead thy case :
It was not she that did thee wound,
although thou seest her face :
He could her beautie so,
inchaunt or vex thy sprites,
He feature hers so comely frame,
could weaken so thy wits.
But that thou mightest haue showane
the cause to her indeede,
Who spares to speak, thy self dost know,
doth faile of grace to speede.
¶ By this thou saiest, thou soughtst y^e means
of tormentes that you beare,
By this thou wouldest men take heede,
and learne of loue to feare :
For taking holde thou telst,
to flee it is too late,
And no where canst thou throwd thy self,
but Care must be thy mate.
Though loue do pleasure seeme,
yet plagues none such there are :
Therefore all louers now thou wilt,
of liking to be ware.
¶ Thy self hath sought the meane and way,
and none but thou alone :
Of all the grief and care you beare,
as plainely it is showane :
Then why should men take heed,
thy counsell is vnfit :

Thou

to fundrie new Tunes.

Thou sparedst to speak, and fastid to speede,
thy will had banisht wit.
And now thou blamest loue,
and Ladies faire and free :
And better lost than found my friend,
your cotwards heart we see. Finis. I.P.

A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Green
leeues. To the new tune of Greensleeues.

Greensleeues was all my ioy,
Greensleeues was my delight :
Greensleeues was my hart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeues.

A Las my loue, ye do me wrong,
to cast me off discourteously :
And I haue loued you so long,
Delighting in your companie.
Greensleeues was all my ioy,
Greensleeues was my delight :
Greensleeues was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeues.
¶ I haue been readie at your hand,
to grant what euer you would craue.
I haue both waged life and land,
your loue and good will for to haue.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly :

B ii

I

Sonets and Histories.

I kept thee both at boord and bed,
 Which cost my purse wel fauouredly,
 Greensleeues was al my ioie, &c.

I bought thee peticotes of the best,
 the cloth so fine as fine might be:
 I gaue theeiewels for thy chest,
 and all this cost I spent on thee.
 Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,
 with gold embroydered gorgeously:
 Thy peticote of Sendall right:
 and thus I bought thee gladly.
 Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
 with pearles bedecked sumptuously:
 The like no other lasses had,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me,
 Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.

Thy purse and eke thy gay guslt knives,
 thy pincase gallant to the eie:
 No better woze the Burgesse wiues,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
 with golde all wrought about the knee.
 Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
 and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
 Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.

Thy gown was of the grosse green,
 thy sleeues of Satten hanging by:
 Which

to fundrie new Tunes.

Which made thee be our haruest Queen,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And siluer aglets hanging by,

Which made thee blithe for to beholde,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ My gayest gelding I thee gaue,
To ride where euer liked thee,

No Ladie euer was so hjaue,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ My men were clothed all in green,
And they did euer wait on thee :

All this was gallant to be seen,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ They set thee vp, they took thee downe,
they serued thee with humilitie,

Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ For euerie morning when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly :

To cheare thy stomack from all woes,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Thou couldst desire no earthly thing.

But stil thou hadst it readily :

B iii

Thy

Sonets and Histories,

Thy musicke still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greenleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ And who did pay for all this geare,
that thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Euen I that am reieted here,
and thou disdainst to loue me.

Greenleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Well, I will pray to God on hie,
that thou my constancie maist see:
And that yet once before I die,
thou wilt vouchsafe to loue me.

Greenleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Greenleeues now farewell adue,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am stil thy louer true,
come once againe and loue me.

Greenleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Finis.

A proper sonet, wherein the Louer dolefully
sheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity.

To the tune of, Row wel ye Marriners.

A S one without refuge,
For life doth pleade with panting
And rusfully the Iudge, (breath
Beholds (whose doome grants life or
So fare I now my onelie Loue, (death,
Whom I tender as Turtle Doue,
Whose tender looks (O ioly ioy)
Shall win me sure your louing boy:
Faice

to fundrie new Tunes.

Faire lookes, Sweet Dame,
Or else (alas) I take my bane:
Nice talke, coping,
Will bring me sure to my ending,
¶ Too little is my skil,
By pen (I saie) my loue to paint,
And when that my good will,
My tong wold shew, my heart doth faint:
Sith both the meanes do faile therefore,
My loue for to expresse with loze:
The torments of my inward smart.
You may well gesse within your hart:
Wherefore, Sweet wench,
Some louing words, this heat to quench
Fine smiles, smirke lookes,
And then I neede no other lookes,
¶ Your gleams hath gript the hart,
alas within my captiue breast:
O how I feele the smart,
And how I find my grief increast:
My fancie is so fixt on you,
That none away the same can do:
My deer vnlesse you it remooue:
Without redress I die for loue,
Lament with me,
Ye Muses nine, where euer be,
My life I loth,
My Ioyes are gone, I tel you troth,
¶ All Musicks solemne sound,
Of song, or else of instrument:

B liii

Me

Sonets and Histories.

He thinks they do resound,
 with doleful tunes, me to lament,
 And in my sleep vnsound, alas,
 He thinks such dreadfull things to passe:
 that out I crie in midst of dreames,
 Wherewith my tears run down as streams,
 O Lord, think I,
 She is not here that should be by:
 What chance is this,
 That I embrace that froward is?
 ¶ The Lions noble minde,
 His raging mood (you know) oft staies,
 When beasts do yeeld by kinde,
 On them (forsooth) he neuer praises:
 Then sithence that I am your thrall,
 To ease my smart on you I call.
 A bloudie conquest is your part,
 To kill so kind a louing heart:
 Alas remoyce,
 Or presently I die perforce:
 God grant pittie,
 Within your breast now planted be.
 ¶ As nature hath you deckt,
 with worthie gifts aboue the rest,
 So to your praise most great,
 Let pittie dwell within your breast,
 That I may saue with heart and wil,
 Lo, this is she that might me kill:
 For why? in hand she held the knife,
 And yet (forsooth) she saued my life.

Hey

to sundrie new Tunes.

Hey-ho, darling:
With lustie loue, now let vs sing,
Plaie on, Minstrel,
My Ladie is mine onelie girl.

The Historie of Diana and Acteon.

To the Quarter Braules.

Diana and her darlings deare,
Walkt once as you shall heare:
Through woods and waters cleare,
themselves to play:

The leaues were gay and green,
And pleasant to be seen:
They went the trees between,
in coole aray,
So long, that at the last they found a place,
of waters full cleare:
So pure and faire a Bath neuer was
found many a yeare.

There shee went faire and gent,
Her to sport, as was her wonted sort:

In such desirous sort;
Thus goeth the report:

Diana daintiously began her selfe therein to
And her body for to laue, (bathe
So curious and braue.

¶ As they in water stood,
Bathing their liuelie blood:

Acteon in the wood,
chaunt to come by:
And betwix their bodie's bare,

Mar:

Sonets and Histories,

Marualling what they weare,
And stil deuoid of care,
on them cast his eie:
But when the Nymphs had perceiued him,
aloud then they cried,
Enclosed her, and thought to hide her skin,
which he had spied:
But too true I tell you,
She scene was,
For in height she did passe,
Each Dame of her race,
Marke then Acteons case:
When Diana did perceiue, where Acteon did
She took hewe in her hand, (stand,
And to shoot she began.
¶ As she began to shoot, Acteon ran about,
To hide he thought no boote,
his sighte were dim:
And as he thought to scape,
Changed was Acteons shape,
Such was vnluckie fate,
yeelded to him:
For Diana brought it thus to passe,
and plased her part,
So that poore Acteon changed was
to a hugie Hart,
And did beare, naught but haire:
In this change,
Which is as true as strange,
And thus did he range,

Abroad

to fundric new Tunes.

Sonets and Histories,

to sundrie new Tunes.

So that his sorowes importunate,
Had ended his life incontinent,
Had not Lady Venus grace, Lady Lady,
Pitied her poore seruants case,
My deer Ladie.

¶ For when she saw the torments strong,
Wherewith the Knight was sore oppress,
Which he God knowes had suffered long,
Al though this Ladies merclesse,
Of their desires she made exchange,
Ladie, Ladie.

And wrought a myracle most strange,
My deer Ladie.

¶ So that this Ladie faithfully,
Did loue this Knight aboue all other :
And he vnto the contrarie,
Did hate her then aboue all measure,
And pitifull she did complaine : ladie, ladie.
Requiring fauour, and might not obtaine.
My deer ladie.

¶ But when she saw, that in no case,
She might vnto his loue attaine :
And that she could not finde some grace,
To ease her long enduring paine,
And y^e his hart wold not remoue. Lady, ladie
Without all cure he died for loue, My deer.
¶ Besides these matters maruelous,
One other thing I wil you tell :
Of one whose name was Narcissus,
A man whose beautie doth excel.

Of

Sonets and Histories,

Of natures gifts he had no misse, Lady, lady
 He had y^e whole of beauties blisse, (My deer.
 ¶ So that out of manie a far Countrey,
 I reade of manie a woman faire,
 Did come this Narcissus to see,
 Who perished when they came there,
 Through his default I say in fine, lady, lady
 Who vnto loue would not incline. My deer.
 ¶ Whose disobedience vnto loue,
 When vnto Venus it did appeare.
 How that his hart would not remoue,
 She punisht him as you shal heare :

A thing most strange forsooth it was,
 Ladie, Ladie.

Now harken how it came to passe, My deer.
 ¶ For when he went vpon a daie,
 With other mo in strange disguise,
 Himself forsooth he did aray

In womans attire of a new deuise,
 And ouer a hydge as he did go. Ladie, ladie.
 In the water he sawe his owne shadow, My.
 ¶ Which when he did perceiue and see,
 A Ladie faire he saith it seemeth :
 Forgot himself that it was he,
 And iudged that it was Dianaes Nymph,
 Who in the waters in such fashion, Lady, la
 Did vse themselues for recreation, My deer.
 ¶ And through the beautie of whole looks,
 Taken he was with such fond desire,
 That after manie humble lutes,

Inconti-

to fundrie new Tunes.

Incontinent he did aspire.

Unto her grace him to refer, Ladie, Ladie
Trusting y^e mercie was in her, My deer, &c.

¶ With armes displaid he took his race,
And leapt into the riuer there,
And thought his Ladie to embrace,
Being of himselfe, deuoid of feare,
And there was drownd without redyesse,
His crueltie rewarded was, (Ladie, Ladie.
with such follie.

¶ Loe, hereby you may perceiue,
How Venus can, and if she please,
Her disobedient Subjects grieue,
And make them drinke their owne disease,
Wherfore rebel not I you with, Lady, lady.
Least that your chaunce be worse than this,
if worse may be. Finis.

The Louer cōplaineth the losse of his Ladie
To Cicilia Pauin.

H Cart, what makes thee thus to be,
in extreame heauinesse?
If care do cause all thy distresse,
Why seekest thou not some redyesse,
to ease thy carefulnesse?

Hath Cupid stroke in Venerie,
Thy wofull corps in leoperdie:

right wel then may I sob and crie, (trie
Al that my Mistresse deer, my faith may
Why would I cloake from her presence,
My loue and faithfull diligence?

And

Sonets and Histories.

And cowardly thus to die.
 And cowardly thus to die.
 ¶ No, no, I will shew my woe,
 in this calamitie.
 To her whom Nature shapte so free :
 With all Dianaes chastitie,
 or Venus rare beautie :
 Then shall I haue felicitie,
 And liue in all prosperitie.
 then leaue off this woe, let teares go,
 thou shalt embrace thy Ladie deere wth ioy,
 In these thy armes so louingly,
 As Paris did saue Helenie.
 By force of blinded boy.
 By force of blinded boy.
 ¶ If Venus would grant vnto me,
 such happinesse :
 As she did vnto Troylus,
 By help of his friend Pandarus,
 To Cressids loue who worse,
 Than all the women certainly :
 That euer liued naturally.
 Whose sight falsed faith, the storie saith,
 Did breed by plagues, her great and sore di-
 For she became so leprousse, (stresse,
 That she did die in penurie :
 Because she did transgresse.
 Because she did transgresse.
 ¶ If she, I saie, will me regard,
 in this my ieopardie,

¶

to sundrie new Tunes.

I will shew her fidelitie,
And eke declare her curtesie,
to Louers far and nise :
O heart how happie shouldst thou be,
When my Ladie doth smile on me :
Whose milde merie cheare,
Will drive away feare,
Cleane from my brest, and set ioy in y^e place
when I shall kisse so tenderly :
Her fingers small and slenderly,
which doth my heart solace, &c.
Therefore ye amorous imps who burne
so still in Cupids fire,
Let this be the force of my retire
Example be to your desire,
That so to loue aspire :
For I did make defiance,
And set her at defiance :
Which made me full wo, it chanced so,
Because I look at my mistresse so coy :
Therefore, when she is merily
Dispos'd, look you curteously :
Receive her for your ioy.
Receive her for your ioy.

Finis. I. Tomson.

The Louer compareth some subtile Suters
to the Hunter. To the tune of the Painter.

When as the Hunter goeth out,
with hounds in brace.

¶

The

Sonets and Histories.

And cowardly thus to die.
 And cowardly thus to die.
 ¶ No, no, I wil shew my woe,
 in this calamitie.
 To her whom Nature shapte so free :
 With all Dianaes chastitie,
 or Venus rare beautie :
 Then shall I hize felicitie,
 And live in all prosperitie.
 then leaue off this woe, let teares go,
 thou shalt embrace thy Ladie deere wth ioy,
 In these thy armes so louingly,
 As Paris did faire Helenie.
 By force of blinded boy.
 By force of blinded boy.
 ¶ If Venus would grant vnto me,
 such happinesse :
 As she did vnto Troylus,
 By help of his friend Pandarus,
 To Cresids loue who woyle,
 Than all the women certainly :
 That euer liued naturally.
 Whose sight falsed faith, the story saith,
 Did breed by plagues, her great and sore di-
 For she became so leprose, (strelle,
 That she did die in penurie :
 Because she did transgresse.
 Because she did transgresse.
 ¶ If she, I saie, wil me regard,
 in this my ieopardie,

3

to sundrie new Tunes.

I will shew her fidelitie,
And eke declare her curtesie,
to Louers far and ne:
O heart how happie shouldst thou be,
When my Ladie doth smile on me:
Whose milde merie cheare,
Will drive away feare,
Cleane from my brest, and set ioy in y^e place
when I shall kisse so tenderly:
Her fingers small and slenderly,
which doth my heart solace, &c.
Therefore ye amorous imps who burne
so still in Cupids fire,
Let this the force of my retire
Example be to your desire,
That so to loue aspire:
For I did make defiance,
And set her at defiance:
Which made me full wo, it chanced so,
Because I look at my mistresse so coy:
Therefore, when she is mercifull
Dispos'd, look you curteously:
Receiue her for your ioy.
Receiue her for your ioy.

Finis. I. Tomson.

The Louer compareth some subtil Suters
to the Hunter. To the tune of the Painter.

When as the Hunter goeth out,
with hounds in brace,

C

The

Sonets and Histories,

The Hart to hunt, and let about,
 with willie trace,
 He doth it moze to see and vieto,
 Her willinelle (I tell you true.)
 Her trips and skips, now here, now there,
 With squats and flats, which hath no pere.
 ¶ Moze than to win oꝝ get the game
 to heare away :
 He is not greedie of the same,
 (thus Hunters sale :
 So some men hunt by hote desire,
 To Venus Dames, and do requir
 With fauor to haue her, oꝝ els they wil die,
 they loue her, & pꝛooue her, and wot ye why ?
 ¶ Foꝛsooth to see her subtilnelle, & wily way,
 Whe they (God knows) mean nothing lesse
 than they do say :
 Foꝛ when they see they may her win,
 They leaue then where they did begin.
 they pꝛate and make the matter nice,
 And leaue her in fooles paradise.
 ¶ Wherefoꝛe of such (good Ladie now)
 wisely beware,
 Least singling fancies in their brow,
 do breed you care :
 And at the first giue them the checke,
 Least they at last giue you the geck,
 And scoynfully disdaine ye then,
 In faith there are such kind of men.
 ¶ But

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ But I am none of those indeed,
beleue me now:
I am your man if you me need,
I make a vow:
To serue you without doubtenesse:
With seruent heart my owne mistresse,
Demaund me, commaund me,
what please ye, and whan,
I wil be still readie, as I am true man.

A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.

To the, Downe right Squier.

Y Du Dames (I say) that climbe the
of Helicon, (mount
Come on with me, and giue account,
what hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce ye Muses all,
and dolefull netwes,
Which on these Louers did befall,
which I accuse.
In Babilon not long agoe,
A noble Prince did dwell:
whose daughter bright dimd ech ones sight,
so farre she did excel.
¶ An other Lord of high renowne,
who had a sonne:
And dwelling there within the towne,
great loue begunne:
Pyramus this noble Knight,
I tel you true:

C ii

Who

Sonets and Histories,

Who with the loue of Thisbie bright,
did cares renue :
It came to passe, their secrets was,
beknotone vnto them both :
And then in minde, they place do finde,
where they their loue vnclothe.
¶ This loue they vse long tract of time,
till it befell :
At last they promised to meet at prime,
by Minus well :
Where they might louingly embrace,
in loues delight :
That he might see his Thisbies face,
and she his sight :
In ioyful case, she appoacht the place,
where she her Pyramus
Had thought to vied, but was renetod,
to them most dolorous.
¶ Thus while she staies for Pyramus,
there did proceed :
Out of the wood a Lion fierce,
made Thisbie deed :
And as in haste she fled awaie,
her Mantle fine :
The Lion tare in stead of preie,
till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus,
and see how lion tare
The Mantle this of Thisbie his,
he desperately doth fare,

¶ For

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ For why he thought the lion had,
saire Thisbie slaine.
And then the beast with his bright blade,
he slew certaine :
Then made he mone and said alas,
(O wretched wight)
How art thou in a woful case
for Thisbie bright :
Oh Gods above, my faithfull loue
shal neuer lasse this need :
For this my breath by fatall death,
shal weaue Atropos threed.
¶ Then from his sheathe he drew his blade,
and to his hart
he thrust the point, and life did bade,
with painfull smart :
Then Thisbie she from cabin came
with pleasure great,
And to the well apase she ran,
there for to treat :
And to discusse, to Pyramus
of al her former feares.
And when slaine she, found him truly,
she shed soorth bitter teares.
¶ When sorow great that she had made,
she took in hand
The bloudie knife, to end her life,
by fatall hand.
You Ladies all, peruse and see,
the faithfullnesse,

C III

How

Sonets and Histories,
 How these two Louers did agree,
 to die in distresse:
 You Myles wasse, and do not fesse,
 but still do you lament:
 These louers twaine, who with such paine,
 did die so well content.

Finis. I. Tomson.

A Sonet of a Louer in the praise of his lady.
 To Calen o Custure me: sung at euerie lines end.

W^he as I kiew your comly grace, Ca. &c
 Your golden haire, your angels face:
 Your azured beines much like the skies,
 Your siluer teeth, your Chyistall eyes.
 Your Corall lips, your crimlon cheeks,
 That Gods and men both loue and leekes.
 Your pretie mouth with diuers gifts,
 Which driueth wise men to their shifts:
 So haue, so fine, so trim, so yong,
 With heauenlie wit and pleasant tongue,
 That Pallas though she did excell,
 Could frame ne tel a tale so well.
 Your voice so sweet, your necke so white,
 your bodie fine and small in sight:
 Your fingers long so nimble be,
 To vtter forth such harmonie,
 As all the Myles for a space:
 To sit and heare do giue you place.
 Your pretie foot with all the rest,
 That may be seene or may be gest:

Doth

to fundrie new Tunes.

Doth beare such shape, that beautie may
Giue place to thee and go her way :

And Paris now must change his doome,
For Venus lo must giue thee roome.

¶ Whose gleams doth heat my hart as fier,
Although I burne, yet would I nier :
Within my selfe then can I say :

The night is gone, behold the day :

Behold the star so cleare and bright,
As dimmes the light of Phœbus light :

¶ Whose fame by pen for to discerne,
Doth passe ech wight that is allue :
Then how dare I with boldned face,
Presume to craue or wish your grace ?

And thus amazed as I stand,
Not feeling sense, nor moouing hand.

¶ My soule with silence moouing sense,
Doth wish of God with reuerence,
Long life, and vertue you possesse :
To match those gifts of worthinesse,
And loue and pittie may be spide,
To be your chief and onely guide.

¶ A proper Sonet, Intituled, Maid, wil you
marrie. TO the Blacke Almaine.

MAd, wil you marie ? I pray sir tarte,
I am not disposed to wed a :
For he y^e shal haue me, wil neuer be
he shal haue my maldehed a. (ny me
Why then you wil not wed me ?
No sure sir I haue sped me,

C illi

You

Sonets and Histories,

You must go seeke some other wight,
That better may your heart delight.
For I am sped I tell you true,
beleue me it greues me, I may not haue you,
To wed you & bed you as a woman shold be
¶ For if I could, be sure I would,
consent to your desire:
I would not doubt, to bring about,
ech thing you would require:
But promise now is made,
Which cannot be staide:
It is a womans honestie,
To keep her promise faithfully.
And so I do meane til death to do,
Consider and gather, that this is true:
Choose it, and vse it, the honestest you.
¶ But if you seek, for to misleeke,
with this that I haue done:
Or else disdaine, that I so plaine
this talke with you haue begone:
Farewell I will not let you,
He fisheth wel that gets you.
And sure I thinke your other friend,
Will prooue a Cuckold in the end:
But he will take heed if he be wise,
To watch you & catch you, with Argus eyes,
Besetting and letting your wonted guile.
¶ Although the Cat doth winke a while,
yet sure she is not blinde:

It

to fundrie new Tunes.

It is the wase for to beguile,
the Mice that run behind :
And if the see them running,
Then straightway she is comming :
Upon their head she claps her foote,
To strue with her it is no boote.
The feeble poore Mice dare neuer play,
She catcheth and snatcheth them euery day,
Her whip they, & skip they, whe she is away.
¶ And if perhaps they fall in trap,
to death then must they yeeld :
They were better the, to haue kept their den
than strale abroad the field :
But they that will be ranging,
Shall soone repent their changing :
And so shall you ere it be long,
Wherefore remember well my song :
And do not snuffe though I be plaine,
But cherisly, merisly, take the same.
For huffing & snuffing deserueth blame.
¶ For where you say you must obey,
the promise you haue made,
So sure as I wil neuer lye,
from that I haue said :
Therefore to them I leaue you,
Which gladly wil receiue you :
You must go choole some other mate,
According to your owne estate.
For I do meane to liue in rest,

Go

Sonets and Histories,

Go seek you, and leek you an other guest,
And choole him, and vse him, as you like best.
The ioy of Virginitie: to, The Gods of loue

I Judge and finde, how God doth minde,
to furnish, to furnish

his heauenly throne aboue,
With bircings pure, this am I sure,
without misse, without misse:

with other Saints he doth loue:

It is allotted as you may reade,
And eke auowed by Paul indeede,

Virginitie is accepted,
a thing high in Gods sight:

Though marriage is selected,
a thing to be most right:

yet must I praise Virginitie,

For I would faine a Virgin be.

You Virgins pure, your selues assure,
and credite, and credite:

great ioy you shall possesse,

Which I (God knows) cannot disclose,
nor spreade it, nor spreade it,
ne yet by pen expresse.

For halfe the ioyes that you shall finde,

I can not iudge for you assignde:

When hence your ghost shall yeilded be,
into the throne of blisse:

In chaste and pure Virginitie,

for thought or deed ywille:

Wher you shal raig, with God on his

For euermore eternally. And

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ And when doubtlesse, you shal possesse,
with Iesus, with Iesus,
these ioyes celestiaall.

Then Ladie fame, will blaze your name,
amongst vs, amongst vs,
which then on earth raigne shal.

She will resound in euerie coast,
By trumpet sound, and will you boast ?

So that although you do depart

This mortall life so vaine :

Your chastitie in euerie heart,
by memorie shall remaine.

But hard it is, I saie no more,

To finde an hundredth in a scoze. Finis.

¶ A warning for Wooers, that they be not
ouer hastie, nor deceiued with womens
beautie. To, Salisburie Plaine.

Ye lousing woymes come learne of me
The plagues to leaue that linked be :
The grudge, the grief, the gret annoy,
The fickle faith, the fading ioy :

in time, take heed,

In fruitlesse losse sow not thy seed :

buie not, with cost,

the thing that yeelds but labour lost.

¶ If Cupids dart do chance to light,

So that affection dimmes thy sight,

Then raise vp reason by and by,

With skill thy heart to fortifie

Where

Sonets and Histories,

Where is a breach,
Oft times too late doth come the Leach :
Sparks are put out,
When fornice flames do rage about.
Thine owne delay must win the field,
When lust doth leade thy heart to yeeld :
When steed is stolne, who makes al fast,
May go on foot for al his haste :
In time shut gate,
For had I wist, doth come too late,
Fast bind, fast find,
Repentance alwaies commeth behind.
The Syrens times oft time beguiles,
So doth the teares of Crocodiles :
But who so leernes Vlysses loze,
May passe the seas, and win the shore.
Stop eares, stand fast,
Throug Cupids trips, thou shalt him cast :
Flie baits, shun hookes,
Be thou not snar'd with louely lookes.
Where Venus hath the maisterie,
There loue hath lost her libertie :
where loue doth win the victorie,
The foxt is lackt with crueltie.
First look, then leap,
In suretie to your shinnes you keepe :
The snake doth sting,
That lurking lieth with hissing.
Where Cupids foxt hath made a wase,
There graue aduise doth beare no swaie,
where

to sundrie new Tunes.

Where Loue doth raigne and rule the roste,
There reason is exile the coast :
Like all, loue none, except ye vse discretion.
First try, the trust, be not deceiued with unskill
¶ Marke Priams sonne, his fond deuise (lust,
When Venus did obtaine the price :
For Pallas skill and Iunoes strength,
He chose that bred his bane at length.
Chooſe wit, leaue will, let Helen be to Paris still :
Amis goeth al, wher facie forceth fooles to fall.
¶ Where was there found a happier wight,
Than Troylus was til loue did light ?
What was the end of Romeus.
Did he not die like Pirus
who baths in blis ? let him be mindfull of Iphis
who seeks to please, may ride he like Hercules.
¶ I lothe to tel the peeuish hawles,
And fond delights of Cupids thawles,
Like momish mates of Midas mood,
They gape to get that doth no good : (Cup
Nowe down, nowe vp, as tapsters vse to tolle y^e
One breedeth ioy, another breeds as great annoy
¶ Some loue for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loues are true.
For when the Mill hath lost his talles,
Then must the Miller lose his balles :
Of grasse commeth hay,
And flowers faire will soon decay :
Of ripe commeth rotten,
In age al beaurie is forgotten.

Some

Sonets and Histories,

Some loueth too hie, and some too lowe,
And of them both great griefs do grow,
And some do loue the common sort:
And common folke vse common sport.

Looke not too hie,
Least that a ship fall in thine eie:

But hie or lowe,
We may be sure she is a throw.
¶ But sirs, I vse to tell no tales,
Each fish that swims doth not beare scales,
In euerie hedge I finde not thornes:
Nor euerie beast doth carrie hornes:

I saie not so,
That euerie woman caueth too:

That were too broad,
Who loueth not venom must shun the tode.
¶ Who vseth still the truth to tel,
May blamed be though he saie wel:
Say Crowe is white, and snowe is blacke,
Lay not the fault on womans backe,
Thousands were good,
But few scape drowning in Noes flood:

Most are wel bent,
I must say so, least I be bent. Finis.

¶ An excellent Song of an outcast Louer.

To, All in a Garden green.

Mine fancie did I fire,
in faithfull forme and frame:
in hope ther shuld no blustering blast
haue power to moue the same.
¶ And

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ And as the Gods do know,
and world can witnesse heare :
¶ I neuer serued other Saint,
noꝝ I doll other where.
¶ But one, and that was she,
whom I in heart did thine :
And made account that pretious pearle,
and setwel rich was mine.
¶ No toile, noꝝ labour great,
could wearie me herein :
For stil I had a Iasons heart,
the golden fleece to win.
¶ And sure my sute was hearde,
I spent no time in vaine :
A grant of friendship at her hand,
I got to quite my paine.
With solemne bowe and othe.
was knit the True-loue knot,
And friendly did we treat of loue,
as place and time we got.
¶ Now would we send our sighes,
as far as they might go,
Now would we worke with open signes,
to blaze our inward wo.
¶ Now rings and tokens too,
renude our friendship stil,
And ech deuice that could be wrought,
exprest our plaine goodwill,
True meaning went withall,
it cannot be denide :

Per:

Sonets and Histories,

Perforinance of the promise past,
was hope for of eith side :
¶ And lookt for out of hand :
Such vowes did we two make,
As God himself had present been,
record thereof to take.
¶ And for my part I sweare,
by all the Gods above,
I neuer thought of other friend,
nor sought for other loue.
¶ The same consent in her,
I saw full oft appeare,
If eyes could see, or head could iudge,
or eare had power to heare.
¶ Yet loe words are but winde,
an other new come guest,
Hath won her fauour (as I feare)
as fancies rise in best.
Her friend that wel deserues,
is out of countenance quite,
She makes the game to see me shoot,
while others hit the white.
He way wel beat the bush,
as manie thousands doo :
And misse the birds, and haply loose
his part of feathers too.
¶ He hops without the ring,
yet daunceth on the trace,
When some come after soft and faire,
a heauie hobling pace.

¶ In

to fundrie new Tunes.

In these vnconstant daies,
such troth these women haue:
As wauering as the aspen leaſ
they are, ſo God me ſaue.
For no deſerts of men
are weid, what ere they be:
For in a mood their minds are led
with new delights we ſee.
The guiltleſſe goeth to wrack,
the gorgeous peacocks gay:
They do eſteem vpon no cauſe,
and turne their friends away.
I blame not al for one,
ſome flowers grow by the weeds,
Some are as ſure as lock and key,
and full of words and deeds.
And yet of one I waile,
of one I crie and plaine:
And for her ſake ſhall neuer none,
ſo nip my heart againe:
If for offence or fault,
I had been ſtoong at heele:
The leſſe had been my bitter ſmart,
and gnawing greefe I feele.
But being once reteind,
a friend by her conſent:
And after that to be diſdaind,
when beſt good will I ment,
I take it nothing well,
for if my power could ſhow,
With

Sonets and Histories,

With Larum bel and open crie,
the world should througely know.

The complaint of a woman Louer,
To the tune of, Raging loue.

Though wisdom wold I should refrain,
My heaped cares here to unfold:
Good Ladies yet my inward paine,
So pricketh me I haue no holde:
But that I must my grieke betway,
Bedewed in teares with doleful tunes,
That you may heare, and after say,
Loe, this is she whom loue consumes.
¶ My grief doth grow by my desire.
To fancie him that stoymes my woe:
He naught regards my flaming fire,
Alas why doth he serue me so?
Whose fained teares I did beleue,
And wept to heare his wailing voice,
But now, alas, too soon I preeue,
Al men are false, there is no choice.
¶ Had euer woman such reward,
At anie time for her goodwill?
Had euer woman hap so hard,
So cruelly for loue to spill?
What paps (alas) did giue him food,
That thus unkindly workes my wo?
What beast is of so cruell moode,
to hate the hart that loues him so?
¶ Like as the simple Turtle true,
In mourning groanes I spend the day:
My

to sundrie new Tunes.

My daily cares night dooth renew,
To thinke how he did me betray :

And when my weary limmes wold rest,
My sleepe vnclound hath dreadfull dreames,
Thus greuous greeses my hart doth wrest
That stil mine eyes run down like streams :
¶ And yet, full oft it dooth me good,
To haunt the place where he hath beene,
To kisse the ground whereon he stode,
When he (alas) my loue did win.

To kisse the Bed wheron we laye ?
How may I thinke vnto my paine,
O blisfull place full oft I say :
Render to me my loue againe,
¶ But all is lost that may not be,
Another dooth possesse my right :
His cruell hart, disdaineth me,
New loue hath put the olde, to flight :

He loues to see my watered eyes,
and laughes to see how I do pine :
No words can well my woes compile,
alas what grieve is like to mine ?

¶ Thou comly Dams, beware by me,
To rue sweete words of fickle trust :
For I may well example be,
How fild talke oft prooues vnjust

But sith deceit haps to my pay,
Good Ladyes helpe my dolefull tunes,
That you may here and after say :
Loe this is the whom loue consumes.

Dis

A

Sonets and Histories,

A proper sonet, Intituled: I smile to see how
you deuise . To anie pleasant tune.

I Smile to see how you deuise,
How making nets my eyes to bleare:
your self you cannot so disguise:
But as you are, you must appeare.

¶ Your pte winks at hood I see,
And how you set your rousing mind:
your selfe you cannot hide from me,
Although I wincke, I am not blind.

¶ The secret sighs and fained cheare,
That oft doth paine thy carefull brest:
To me right plainly doth appeare,
I see in whom thy hart doth rest.

¶ And though thou makest a fained bow,
That loue no more thy heart should nip,
yet think I know as well as thou,
The sickle helm doth guide the ship.

¶ The Salamander in the fire,
By course of kinde doth bathe his limmes:
The floting fish taketh his desire,
In running streams whereas he swimmes.

¶ So thou in change dost take delight,
Full wel I know thy slipperie kinde:
In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight,
Thy rowling eyes betwixt thy minde.

¶ I see him smile that doth possesse
Thy loue which once I honoured most:
If he be wise, he may well gesse,
Thy loue soon won, will soon be lost.

And

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ And sith thou canst no man intice,
That he should stil loue thee alone :
Thy beautie now hath lost her price,
I see thy sauozie sent is gone.
¶ Therefore leaue off thy wonted plaie,
But, as thou art, thou wilt appeare,
Vnlesse thou canst deuise a waie,
To dark the Sun that shines so cleare.
¶ And keep thy friend that thou hast won,
In trueth to him thy loue supplie,
Least he at length as I haue done,
Take off thy Belles and let thee lie.

A Sonet of two faithfull Louers, exhorting
one another to be constant.

To the tune of Kypascie.

The famous Prince of Macedon,
whose wars increast his worthy name
Triumphed not so, when he had won
By conquest great, immortall fame,
As I reioice, reioice,
For thee, my choise, with heart and voice,
Since thou art mine,
Whom, long to loue, the Gods assigne.
¶ The secret flames of this my loue,
The stars had wrought ere I was bozne,
Whose sugred force my hart doth moue,
And eke my will so sure hath swozne.
that Fortunes loze, no moze,
though I therefore, did life abhoze :
Shall neuer make,
Forgetful dewes my heat to take. If

Sonets and Histories,

If that I false my faith to thee,
 Or seeke to chaunge for any newe:
 If thoughts appeare so ill in me,
 If thou thy life shall lustily rewe,
 Such kinde of woe, of woe:
 As friende or foe, might to me shewe:
 Betide me than,
 Or worse, if it may hap to man.
 ¶ Then let vs ioy in this our loue:
 In spite of Fortunes wrath, my deere:
 Two willes in one, as dooth behooue,
 One loue in both, let still appeare:
 And I will be, will be,
 Piramus to thee, my owne Thisbie,
 So thou againe,
 My constant louer shalt remaine.

A proper new Dity: Intituled. Fie vpō Loue
 and al his lawes. To the tune of lumber me.

Such bitter fruite thy loue doth yeelde,
 Such broken sleepes, such hope vntrue,
 Thy call so oft hath me beguilde.
 That I binnerh can well indure:
 But crie (alas) as I haue cause,
 Fie vpon Loue and all his Lawes.
 ¶ Like Piramus, I sigh and grone,
 Whom Stone wals, kept from his loue,
 And as the wofull Palemon,
 A thousand stormes, for thee I proue,
 Yet thou a cruell Tigers whelp,
 All latestt the hart, whom thou maist help.

¶

to fundrie new Tunes.

IA craggie Roke, thy Cradle, was,
And Tigers milke sure was thy foode,
Wherby Dame Nature brought to passe,
That like the Nurse should be thy moode:

Wild and unkinde, cruell and fell,
to rent the hart that loues thee well.

The Crocodile with fained teares,
The Fisher not so oft beguiles:
As thou hast luld my stinted eares,
To here sweet words full fraught w' willes,
that I may say, as I doo proue,
Who worth the time, I giue to loue.

Sith thou hast bowd to worke my wack
And hast no will my wealth to way:
Farewell unkinde, I will keepe backe,
Such toys as may my helth decay:
and still will cry as I haue cause.
Fie vpon Loue and all his lawes.

The Louer being wounded with his Ladis
beutie, requireth mercy.

To the tune of Apelles.

The liuelie sparkes of those two eyes,
my wounded hart hath set on fire:
And since I can no way deuisse,
To stay the rage of my desire,
with sighs and trembling tears I craue
my deare on me some pity haue.

In bewing thee, I tooke such ioy,
As one that sought his quiet rest:
Vntill I felt the fettered boy,

Aye

Sonets and Histories,

As sickning in my captiue brest :
Since that time loe, in deepe dispaire,
all bolde of ioy, my time I weare.
¶ The wofull prisoner Palemon,
And Troylus eke kinge Pyramus sonne,
Constrained by loue did neuer mone :
As I my deer for thee haue done.
Let pittie then requite my paines,
My life and death in thee remaines.
¶ If constant loue may reape his hire,
And faith vnfaigned may purchase :
Great hope I haue to my desire.
Your gentle hart will grant me grace,
Till then (my deer) in few words plaine,
In pensiue thoughts I shall remaine.

The lamentation of a woman being wrong-
fully defamed. To the tune of Damon & Pithias.

You Ladies falsly deemd,
of anie fault or crime :
Command your pensiué harts to help
this dolefull tune of mine :
For spitefull men there are,
that faults would faine espie :
Alas, what heart would heare their talke,
but willingly would die.
¶ I wasse oft times in woe,
and curse mine houre of birth,
Such slanderous pangs do me oppresse,
when others ioy in mirth :

Belike

to sundrie new Tunes.

Belike it was ordaind to be my destinie.
Alas what heart would heare their talk, &c.

¶ A thousand good women,
haue guslelle been accusde :
For verie spite, although that they,
their bodiles neuer abulde :
the godly Sufana accused was fallly alas &c.

¶ The poisoned Pancalier,
ful fallly did accuse
The good Dutchele of Sauoy,
because she did refuse.

To grant vnto his loue,
that was so vngodlie. Alas what, &c.

¶ Such false dissembling men,
stoong with Alecos dart :
Must needs haue place to spit their spite,
vpon some guslelle hart :

Therefore, I must be pleasse,
that they triumph on me, Alas, &c.

¶ Therefore, Lord, I thee pray,
the like death downe to send,

Upon these false suspected men,
or else their minds t'amend :

As thou hast done tofore,
vnto these persons thre. Alas what, &c.

A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold I haue
a pretie thing to giue vnto my Ladie.

To the tune of lustie Gallant.

¶ Fain would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie :

I name

Sonets and Histories,

I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.

TWentie lozneyes would I make,
and twentie waies would hie me,
To make aduenture for her sake,
to let some matter by me:

But I would faine haue a pretie thing, &c.

I name nothing, nor I meane nothing, &c.

¶ Some do long for pretie knackes,
and some for straunge deuices:

God send me that my Ladie lackes,

I care not what the price is, thus faine, &c.

¶ Some goe here, and some go there,
where eares be not season:

And I goe gaping euery where,

but still come out of season. Yet faine, &c.

¶ I walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in euery corner seeking:

The pretie thinge I cannot meete,

that's for my Ladies liking. Faine, &c.

¶ The Mercers pull me going by,

the Silkie wiues say, what lacke ye?

The thing you haue not, then say I,

ye foolish fooles, go packe ye. But faine &c.

¶ It is not all the Silke in Cheape,

nor all the golden treasure:

Nor twentie Bushels on a heape,

can do my Ladie pleasure. But faine, &c.

¶ The Grauers of the golden showes,

with Iuelles do beset me.

The

to fundrie new Tunes.

The Shemsters in the shoppes that sowes,
they do nothing but let me: But faine, &c.
¶ But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to make it,
I could for Honey buy it than,
and say, faire Lady, take it. Thus, faine, &c.
¶ O Lady, what a lucke is this:
that my good willing misserth:
To finde what pretie thing it is,
that my good Lady wisheth.
Thus faine wold I haue had this preti thing
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I said no harme, nor I ment no harme,
but as pretie a thing as may be.

A proper wooing Song, intituled: Maide
will ye loue me: ye or no?

To the tune of the Marchaunts Daughter
went ouer the fiede.

Mayde will ye loue me yea or no?
tell me the trothe, and let me goe.
It can be no lesse then a sinfull deed,
trust me truely,
To linger a Louer that lookes to speede,
in due time duely.
¶ You Maids that thinke your selus as fine,
As Venus and all the Muses nine:
The Father himselſe whē he first made mā
trust me truely:
Made you for his help whē the world began
in due time duely.

Then

Sonets and Histories,

¶ Then sith Gods will was euen so.
Why should you disdain you Louer tho ?
But rather with a willing heart,
Loue him truly ?

For in so doing, you do but your part,
Let reason rule ye.

¶ Consider (sweet) what sighs and sobbes,
Do nip my heart with cruell throbbs,
And al (my deer) for the loue of you,
Trust me truly :

But I hope that you will some mercie shew,
In due time duely.

¶ If that you do my case well way,
And shew some signe whereby I may
Haue some good hope of your good grace,
Trust me truly :

I count my selfe in a blessed case,
Let reason rule ye.

¶ And for my part, whilst I do liue,
To loue you most faithfully, my had I giue,
Forsaking all other, for your sweet sake,
Trust me truly :

In token whereof, my troth I betake,
to your selfe most duely.

¶ And though for this time we must depart,
yet keep you this ring tru token of my hart,
Till time do serue, we meet againe,
Let reason rule ye.

Whē an answer of comfort I trust to obtain,
In due time duly.

Now

to fundrie new Tunes.

Now must I depart with sighing teares,
With sobbing heart and burning eares:
Pale in the face, and faint as I may,
trust me truly:

But I hope our next meeting, a ioyfull day,
in due time duly.

The painefull plight of a Louer oppressed
with the beautifull looks of his Lady.

To the tune of, I loued her ouer wel.

Whē as thy eies, y^e wretched spies
did breed my cause of care:
And sisters thre did full agree,
my fatall threed to spare.
Then let these words ingrauen be,
on toomb whereas I lie,
That here lies one whom spiteful loue,
hath caused for to die.
¶ Sometimes I spend the night to end,
in dolours and in woe:
Somtime againe vnto my pain,
my chiefest ioy doth grow.
When as in minde, thy shape I finde,
as fancie doth me tell:
Whome nowe I knowe, as prooue doth
I loued thee ouer wel. (How
¶ How oft within my wreathed arme,
desired I to solde:
Thy Chyistall corpe, of whom I loyed,
more dearer than of golde.

But

Sonets and Histories,

But now disdain, dooth breed my paine,
and thou canst not denie:

But that I loued thee ouer well:
that caused me to die.

The hound that serues his Masters will,
in raunging here and there,

The moyling Horse, that labours still,
his burthen great to beare:

In lew of paine, receiues againe,
of him which did him owe:

As Natures beast, wiles most and least
them thankfull for to shewe.

The Lyon and the Tyger fierce,
as Nature doth them binde:

For loue, like loue repay againe:
in Stories we doo finde:

Those beasts & birds, both wild & tame,
of friendships loze can tell:

But thy reply, wiles me to die,
that loued thee ouer well.

Therefore, my deare and Darling faire,
ensample take by those,

Which equally with loue againe,
their louing mindes dispose:

And giue him glee, whose death we see,
approcheth very nie:

Without he gaine, to ease his paine,
which loued thee hartely.

Then shall thy say that see the same,
where euer that they goe:

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

And with for ay, as for thy pay,
all Nestors yeares to know :
And I no lesse then all the rest,
shoud with thee health for aye :
Because thou hast heard my request,
and saued me from decay.

A faithfull vow of two constant Louers
To the new Rogero.

Shall distance part our loue,
or dally choise of chaunge ?
O sprites below, or Gods aboue,
haue power to make vs strange :
¶ No nothing here on earth,
that kinde hath made or wrought,
Shall force me to forget.
good will so dearely bought,
¶ And for my part I bow,
to serue for terme of life :
Which promise may compare with her,
which was Vlisses wife.
¶ Which bow if I doo breake,
let vengeance on me fall,
Eche plague that on the earth may raigne,
I aske not one, but all.
¶ Though time may breede suspect,
to fill your hart with toyes :
And absence may a mischefe breede,
to let your wished loyes :
¶ Yet thinke I haue a troth,
and honesty to keepe :

And

Sonets and Histories,

And weigh the time your loue hath dwelt,
within my hart so deep.

¶ And pisse the words I spake,
and marke my countenance then :

And let not slip no earnest sigh,
if thou remember can.

¶ At least forget no teares,
that trickled downe my face :

And marke howe oft I wooing your hand,
and blushed all the space.

¶ Remember how I swore,
and strook therewith my brest :

In witness when thou partst me fro,
my heart with thee should rest.

¶ Thinke on the eger lookes,
full loth to leaue thy sight,

That made the signes when that the list,
to like no other wight.

¶ If this be out of thought,
yet call to minde againe,

The busie sute, the much adoe,
the labour and the paine,

¶ That at the first I had,
ere thy good will I gate :

And thinke how for thy loue alone,
I purchase partly hate.

¶ But all is one with me,
my heart so settled is :

No friend, nor foe, nor want of wealth,
shall neuer hurt in this.

Be

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ Be constant now therefore,
and faithfull to the end ?
Be carefull how we both may do,
to be ech others friend.
¶ With free and cleane consent,
two hearts in one I knit :
Which for my part, I how to keep,
and promise not to sit,
¶ How let this how be kept,
exchange thy heart for mine :
So shal two hearts be in one breast,
and both of them be thine.

A sorrowfull Sonet, made by M. George
Mannington, at Cambridge Castle.

To the tune of Labandala Shot.

I Wasse in wo, I plunge in pain,
with sorrowing sobbs, I do complain,
With wallowing waues I wish to die,
I languish soze whereas I lie,
In feare I faint in hope I holde,
With ruthe I runne, I was too holde :
As lucklesse lot assigned me,
in dangerous dale of destinie :
Hope bids me smile, feare bids me weep,
My feelie soule thus Care doth keep.
¶ Hea too too late I do repent,
the youthfull yeares that I haue spent,
The retych lesse race of carelesse kinde,
which hath bewitcht my woful minde.

¶

Sonets and Histories,

Such is the chaunce, such is the state,
Of those that trust too much to fate.
No bragging boast of gentle blood,
What so he be, can do thee good :

No wit, no strength, nor beauties hue,

No friendly lute can death eschue.

The dismall day hath had his will,
And iustice seekes my life to spill :
Reuengement craues by rigorous law,
Whereof I little stood in awe :

The dolefull doom to end my life,

Bedeck with care and woorldlie strife :

And crowning iudge hath giuen his doome.

O gentle death thou art welcome :

The losse of life, I do not feare,

Then welcome death, the end of care.

O prisoners poore, in dungeon deep,
Which passe the night in slumbying sleep :
Wel may you rue your youthful race.
And now lament your curled case.

Content your selfe with your estate,

Impute no shame to sickle fate :

With wrong attempts, increase no wealth,

Regard the state of prosperous health :

And think on me, when I am dead :

Whom such delights haue lewdly led.

O my friend and parents, where euer you be
Full little do you thinke on me :

My mother milde, and dame so deer :

Thy louing childe, is settred heer :

Would

to sundrie new Tunes.

Would God I had, I wish too late,
Been byed and boine of meaner estate :
Or else, would God my rethlesse eare,
Had been obedient for to heare,

Your sage aduice and counsel true :

But in the Lord parents adue.

O You balliant hearts of youthfull train,
Which heard my heauie heart complain :
A good example take by me,
Which runne the race where euer you be :
trust not too much to bilbow blade,
nor yet to fortunes sickle trade.

Hoist not your sailes no more in winde,
Least that some rocke, you chaunce to finde,
or else be driuen to Lybia land,
whereas the Barque may sinck in sand.

O You students all that present be,
To biew my fatall destinie,
would God I could requite your pain,
wherein you labour, although in vain,
if mightie God would think it good,
to spare my life and vitall blood,

For this your profered curtesie,
I would remaine most stedfastly,
Your seruant true in deed and word,
But welcome death as please the Lord.

O Pea welcome death, the end of woe,
And farewell life, my fatall foe :
Pea welcome death, the end of strife,
Adue the care of mortall life,

E ii

For

Sonets and Histories,

For though this life doth fleet away,
In heauen I hope to liue for ay :
A place of ioy and perfect rest,
Which Christ hath purchasse for the best :
Til that we meet in heauen most blest :
Adue, farewell in Iesu Christ.

A proper Sonet, of an vnkinde Damsell, to
to her faithful Louer. To, the nine Muses.

The oft that I biew and see,
That pleasant face and faire beautie,
whereto my heart is bound :
The neer my Mistresse is to me,
My health is farthest off I see :
and fresher is my wound :
Like as the flame doth quench by fire,
or streams consume by raigne,
So doth the sight that I desire,
appeale my grief and paine :
Like a fire that doth hie,
and haste into the fire :
So in briel, findes her grief,
that thought to sport aspire.
¶ When first I saw those Christal streams,
I little thought on beauties beams :
Sweet venom to haue found,
But wilful wyl did prick me soorth,
Perforce to take my grief in woorth,
that cauld my mortall wound :
And Cupid blind compeld me so,
my fruitlesse hope to hide :

Wherein

to sundrie new Tunes.

Wherein remaind my bitter wo :

thus stil he did me guide ;

Then his dart, to my hart,

he slung with cruell fist :

Whose poison fel, I know right wel,
no louer may resist.

Thus vainly stil, I frame my lute,
Of ill sowne seeds, such is the frute,
experience doth it shew :

The fault is hers the pain is mine,
And thus my sentence I define,

I hapned on a shew :

And now beware, ye youngmen all,

Example take by mee :

Least beauties bait in Cupids thral,
do catch you piously :

So stay you, I pray you,

and marke you my great wrong,

Forsaken, not taken,

thus end I now my song.

The Louer complaineth the absence of
his Ladie, wisheth for death.

To, the new Almaine.

Sith spitefull spite hath spide her time,
my wished soles to end :
And drowping dread hath drowen me
from my new chosen friend : (now

I can but waille the want,

of this my former sole :

Sith spiteful force hath sought so long,

my blisse for to annoie.

uB

Sonets and Histories,

¶ But though it be our chance
 asunder for to be,
 My heart in pawne til we do meet,
 Shal stil remaine with thee:
 And then we shall renue,
 our sugred pleasures past:
 And loue that loue, that seekes no change,
 whilst life in vs do last.
 ¶ Perhaps my absence may,
 or else some other let:
 By choise of change, cause thee my deer,
 our former loue forget:
 And thou renounce the oth,
 which erst thou vowdest to me:
 My dearest blood in recompence,
 thou sure shouldst shortly see.
 A thousand sighs to send to thee I will not let,
 Ne to bewaile the losse of thee, I neuer will
 But stil suppose I see, (forget
 the same before my face:
 And louingly between my armes,
 thy corpes I do embrace.
 ¶ Thus feed I fancie stil,
 for lacke of greater ioy:
 With such like thoughts, which daily doth,
 my wofull heart annoy:
 thus stil in hope I liue,
 my wished ioyes to haue:
 And in dispaire oft time I with,
 my feeble Corpes in graue.

This

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ This is the life I leade, til I thee see again
And so will do, til dreadfull death,
do seek to ease my paine,
who rather I do wish, by force to end in wo,
than for to liue in happie state,
thy loue for to forgo.

¶ And thus farewell my deer,
with whom my heart shall rest,
Remember him that this did write,
sith he doth loue thee best:
And will til greedie death,
my daies do shorten now:
Farewel my dear, loe here my faith
and troth to thee I bow.

Finis.

The Louer compareth him self to the pain-
ful Falconer. TO the tune, I loued her ouer wel.

The soaring hawk from fist that flies,
her Falconer doth constraîne:
Sometime to range the ground br-
to find her out againe: (known,
And if by sight or sound of bell,
his falcon he may see:
wo ho he cries, with cheerful voice,
the gladdest man is he.
¶ By Lure then in finest sort,
he seekes to bring her in:
But if that she, full gorged be,
he can not so her win:
Although her becks and bending eyes,
she manie proffers makes: wo

Sonets and Histories.

Allo ho ho he cries, awake she lies,
and so her leaue she takes.
¶ This wooll man with wearie limmes,
runnes wandring round about:
At length by noise of chattering Pies,
his hawke againe found out
His heart was glad his eyes had seen,
his falcon swift of sight:
Allo ho ho he cries, the emptie gorge,
vpon his Lure doth light.
¶ How glad was then the falconer there,
no pen nor tongue can tel:
He swam in blisse that lately felt
like paines of cruel hel.
His hand sometime vpon her train,
sometime vpon her hest:
Allo ho ho he cries with chearfull voice,
his heart was now at rest.
¶ My deer likewise, beholde thy loue,
what paines he doth induce:
And now at length let pittie moue,
to stoupe vnto his Lure.
A hood of silk, and siluer belles,
new gifts I promise thee:
Allo ho ho, I crye, I come then saie,
make me as glad as hee.

FINIS.

N O T E S.

The following Notes, with the exception of the additions in brackets, are from the reprint in the "Heliconia."

Page 2. "As lightly you can craue."]—*Lightly* is commonly: as in Shakspeare's *Richard III.*, "Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring;" and Ray's *Proverbs*, "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder."

Page 4. "Rosemarie is for remembrance."]—This is the property assigned to the same herb, and almost in the same words, by Shakspeare's Ophelia. Mr. Malone observes, that rosemary, being supposed to strengthen the memory, was the emblem of fidelity in lovers. Mr. Steevens cites the following passage in accordance, from Chester's *Love's Martyr* or *Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.

There's *rosemarie*: the Arabians justifie
It comforteth the braine and memorie.

See note on *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5. Cowley ascribes to *sage* the virtues here attributed to *rosemary*, and, from its strengthening and bracing powers, infers its high reputation among medicaments for the memory. See his first book of *Herbs*.

Page 4. "*Fenel* is for flaterers, an euil thing it is sure."]—In the *Paradise of dayntie Devises*, a poem entitled "A bunche of herbes and flowers," speaks in disparagement of "the *fenell* too, that is more fit for some unfrendly gest."

Page 4. "And wil continue in the same as you haue nowe begunne."] For *And*, the sense requires we should read *But*.

Page 5. "Nor passe not what they say."]—By *passe not* is probably meant *report not*. [It may mean, *But pass by*.]

Page 11. "*And unto Gunuill hall.*"— Or rather Gonville hall, Cambridge, founded in 1348 by Edmund de Gonville; and in 1557 advanced to Caius college by Dr. Caius, physician to Edward VI. and his royal sisters.

Page 15. "*Leaue off to flout now, and prick on your clout now.*"— The *clout* was the white mark in the centre of the target at which archers took their aim.

Page 15. "*As bad or worse than I shal speed.*"— *Than for then.* [Why so? The meaning seems to be, Though taunted by you I may boast that not a better man than myself shall succeed with you.]

Page 15. "*Good Nicibictur.*"— This looks like some cant term, but its meaning is not apparent to the present editor. [Conceited and hard to please.]

Page 19. "*Greensleeues was all my ioy.*"— This song has been reprinted by Mr. Ellis in vol. iii. of his poetic *Specimens*. "The *tune* (he observes) appears to have acquired an extraordinary degree of popularity in the time of Shakspeare, and the ballad contains some particulars respecting female dress and manners during the sixteenth century, which may appear curious to the poetical antiquary." The song itself was licensed in 1580 to Richard Jones, the printer of this miscellany. Elderton, the noted ballad-maker, wrote a reprehension against Greensleeves, which was licensed in the same year; and other pieces that seem to have borne relationship thereto, are cited by Mr. Steevens in a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 1.

Page 20. "*Thy peticote of sendall right.*"— Mr. Ellis, in explanation refers to Du Cange, voce *cedalum*, "a thin silk."

Page 21. "*And siluer aglets hanging by.*"— *Aiglets*, from *aiguilette*, Fr.; a lace with tags.

Page 25. "*To the Quarter Braules.*"— *Braul* was a French dance;

and, from a description of the figure in Marston's *Malcontent*, it would seem to have resembled the *Cotillon*.

Page 29. The burden of *Ladie Ladie* had been observed by Mr. Malone to a song in an old morality printed in 1567. See his note on Shakspeare's introduction of it in *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.

Page 29. "*Without all cure he died for loue.*"—For *he* consistency would read *she*.

Page 31. "*To Cicilia Pavin.*"—*Pavin* or *Pavan* was the name of a grave dance, imported either from Spain or Italy. The figures of this and other old dances are described in *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 108, in *Bodl. Bibl.* The *Cicilia Pavin* was probably a favourite tune, but ill adapted, it would seem, to vocal accompaniment.

Page 34. "*And leaue her in fooles paradise.*"—Shakspeare introduces this term in his *Romeo and Juliet*, and Milton in his *Paradise Lost* assigns it to the *Limbus patrum* of the schoolmen.

Page 34. "*Least they at last giue you the geck.*"—*Geck* is taunt, jibe, or sign of derision. See Jamieson's *Etymol. Dict.*

Page 35. "*A new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.*"—This love-tale had been familiarised to the English reader by Chaucer's *Legend*, by Caxton's and by Golding's translations from *Ovid*; and in the *Gorgious Gallery* it was versified at some length. This "new sonet" may have also contributed to keep up its popularity, which was afterwards extended by Dunstan Gale's poem, and by Shakspeare's burlesque interlude in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was likewise ingeniously interwoven with a poem entitled *Silkwormes and their Flies*, which appeared in 1599.

Page 36. "*At last they promised to meet at prime, by Minus well.*"—Rather *Ninus* well.

Page 37. "*He thrust the point, and life did vade.*"—i.e. *did pass away*.

Page 38. "*To Calen o Custure me.*"—Mr. Malone has surmised that Pistol meant to repeat these unintelligible words in one of his swaggering rants. See Shakspeare's play of *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4.

Page 39. "*Although I burne, yet would I nier.*"—i.e. *nigher*. The meaning seems to be, "yet would I approach more near."

Page 40, line 5. Instead of *be*, the rhyme requires *do*. [Rather *you* in the previous line should be *ye*.]

Page 41. "*And do not snuffe though I be plaine.*"—i.e. "*Do not be angry.*" Instances of the usages of this word in this sense occur in Shakspeare and other dramatists.

Page 42. "*Go seek you, and leek you.*"—*Leek* for *look*.

Page 44. "*For had I wist.*"—i.e. "*Had I known.*" This was proverbial. In Heywood's *Epigrammes vpon Prouerbes*, there is one on "*Had I wist*;" and in the *Par. of D. Devices* is a poem on the same motto.

Page 45. "*Amis goeth al.*"—*Amis* for *amiss*.

Page 45. "*Who baths in blis.*"—*Baths* for *bathes*. This was a favourite mode of poetical expression. See Gascoigne's *Weedes*, p. 181. Shenstone therefore did well to adopt it in his imitative lines on a gothic alcove:

O you that *bathe* in courtly blysse.

Page 48. "*He hops without the ring, yet daunceth on the trace.*"—Qu. if an allusion to hop-scotch?

Page 50. "*To fancie him that stormes my woe.*"—For *stormes* we should perhaps read *scornes*.

Page 51. "*How filed talke.*"—i.e. *artfully polished* or *refined*: as in

Lodge's address before Euphues' *Golden Legacie* — "Not bought with the allurements of a *filed* tongue."

Page 54. "*That I vnneeth can well indure.*" — *Unneeth* is *scarcely*. [*"Unnethe* aboute hir mighte thay abyde." — Chaucer, *Clerkes Tale*.]

Page 55. "*As thou hast luld my sleep to cares.*" — We should rather read, — "*As thou hast luld to sleep my cares.*" [The copy from which the reprint in *Heliconia* was made has transformed "*stinted ears*" in the original, into "*sleep to cares.*" *Stinted* is *stopped*.]

Page 56. "*And Troylus eke kinge Pyramus sonne.*" — We ought to read king *Priam's* son.

Page 57. "*The poisoned Pancalier, and good Dutchesse of Sauoy.*" — This alludes to the sixth novel of Boisteau, where the story is told at large.

Page 58. "*And some for straunge deuices.*" — These were on the point laces, called *point device*.

Page 60. "*Why should you disdaine you Louer tho?*" — Used here for *then*, as in some of the old metrical romances. See Ritson's Glossary to his *Selection*.

Page 64. "*And peise the words I spake.*" — *Peise*, from *peser*, Fr., to weigh or balance, is used by Spenser and Shakspeare.

Page 65. "*The retch lesse race of carelesse kinde.*" — *Retchless* is *careless* according to Dr. Johnson, and in this place appears a pleonasm.

Page 67. "*Trust not too much to bilbow blade.*" — At Bilboa, a city of Biscay in Spain, the best sword blades were manufactured. Hence Shakspeare speaks of "a good bilbo," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5; and Spenser in his *Muioptomos* introduces "*Bilbo steele.*"

Page 69. "*To, the new Almaine.*"]—The *Almaine*, *Allemaigne*, or *Allemand*, was a dance derived from Germany as its name imports. In a breviat of the notes or tunes to the ditties contained in Munday's *Banquet of daintie Conceits*, 1588, there is one entitled "The *olde Allemaigne*," to which this "*new Allemaigne*" might be nominally contrasted.

Page 71. "*But if that she, ful gorged be.*"]—In the *Book of St. Albans* a particular direction may be seen, "How ye shall guyde you, yf your hawke be *full goorgyd*, and ye wolde soone have a flyghte."

Page 72. "*Wo ho ho, I crie.*"]—When a hawk was in the air this was the call used by falconers to draw him down to them; as may be gathered from Hamlet's call to Marcellus, and from many of our old dramas.

